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NO. 5.

## MISCELLANY.

### HENRIETTA OF FRANCE.

Marked you the handsome Englishman, maidens? said a lovely female, suddenly raising her form from the velvet cushions on which she had been reclining, to a small coterie of young women, one of whom immediately replied—

By 'r lady an' I had not, the description these silly maidens gave of him, one to another, would have moved St. Bridget to love.

Peace, Maguire, replied the same silvery tones that had first spoken; know you who he is?

Noble lady, I do not, but a knight of no small degree, for he hath a marvelously noble smooth-spoken 'squire with whom I held a trifling converse this evening: he would no doubt, remove the fair Henrietta's ignorance. By my troth the 'squire might be Prince Charles himself.

Tush, Maguire! dismiss these maidens, I would be alone with thee, responded the Princess.

The maidens had scarcely retired, when Henrietta, leaning back on her couch, whispered to the arch looking, but silent Maguire—

Maguire, should you meet the 'squire again, question him on his masters rank; but you need not mention who willed you to do so.

No lady. I had promised to listen to a few words from him to night. I will then question him, as well concerning his master's, as his own rank.

Maguire, be wary of this man's conversation.

Lady, I will only question him of his master, you know that cannot be wrong, said Maguire, her bright eyes dancing with mischief under her raised brows, speaking truths themselves, and drawing truth from the now blushing Henrietta.

Wild, silly girl, touch thy lute. That romantic mind will lead thee astray.

Maguire instantly swept the strings of her lute to a merry tune of chivalry and love, but her fair mistress's mind was not attuned to mirth, and she turned pettishly to her, saying—

Cease thy trifling, I like not such childish ways. Then, quickly recovering her usual urbanity of manner, she smilingly continued—But, go, thy mirthful strains, and witching eyes, are sadly wasted on our presence, and by the Holy Virgin I will arraign this said 'squire for depriving me of my minstrel.

Then, fare thee well, royal lady, doubt not my abilities in cross questioning, till I return to thee with the wished-for news.

Farewell! summon my tire woman, I will go to my couch, for I feel fatigued.

The tire women were summoned, and Maguire casting one more laughing glance on her loving mistress, disappeared through a long door into a garden, humming the tune she had begun to the fanciful Henrietta; till at length she was answered from one of the portals of the castle in the same strain, only in a bolder voice.

Here, by the holy saints! I began to curse my believing heart, when the promised hour struck, that had made me vain enough to think those mischievous eyes had told the truth, when they looked on me with favor.

Looked on you with favor—on a stranger? No, marry, if you would be looked on with favor, I must know your name.

And so you shall, but I must breathe it on those ripe lips, and he proceeded to put his promise in practice, but Maguire, with one bound, was some yards from his outstretched arm, when she replied, firmly—

Come not near me! keep thy distance, bold one, or as this is our first meeting, it shall be our last. One step nearer, and I am gone.

The cavalier's almost contemptuous curl of the lip, and licentious glare of the eye, did not bespeak him to be the unassuming character his first speech would have made him. But the curled lip and glaring eye were quickly repressed, as he again spoke—

Nearer I must come, for my name is not to be proclaimed in this place, but must be whispered even in thy ear, nor go beyond it—yet glance not again such lightning, by 'r lady, it hath scared my heart. But, tell me first, hast thou not a name?

I need not fear to tell the mine, since shame has never yet touched it. 'Tis Maguire.

It would have been difficult to define the expression of his features, as she concluded this last sentence, but it seemed to be a compound of triumph and doubt; if she might be able to say this long. However, be it as it may, his voice had still the same insinuating tone as before, when he exclaimed—

Now, by my soul, I know not if I ought to tell thee, but—he drew close to her and whispered the remainder—

Maguire started, as he did so, threw her cloak close round her, as though with an intention of departing, yet she still lingered, her voice trembled as she asked—

Then, whom is it you call master? That sweetest, is not mine to tell.

Farewell, then, we meet not again, if I had known to whom I had given my word to meet at this hour, we had not met.

Nay, we do not part thus. The fairest of England's dames do not scorn me, yet, believe I would not have done as much for them. I will tell the whom I call master, but mind, it goes not beyond you. Question for question, you know, is all fair; tell me, then, is it for your fair mistress, the lovely Henrietta you ask?

Can you not answer a fair lady's question, but you must be paid for it? I will not answer thee, dallier.

Yet, 'tis said a woman cannot keep a secret—if 'twere not dark, I would read it in thine eyes. But thou shalt know his name, too, and then, mayhap, thou wilt not be so chary of thy words, sweet one. And again he drew nigh her, and whispered, and again she started and exclaimed—

Ah! 'Tis even so, he replied, to her exclamation, and now, wilt thou not let me press thy sweet cheek? and I will tell thee, too, that it is not only thy lady that loves; it is returned.

Then, our Holy Lady bless thee for that news, replied the affectionate hearted French girl, and she held towards him the prettiest hand, as he said, he had ever pressed to his lips.

And now, Monsieur, we part—To meet again, when?

I know not, and away she bounded, light as a fairy, to her mistress's room.

By—, this girl hath moved me to some purpose. Why, what a paltriness am I turning to—a blabber, too—but I am deceived if those black eyes do not love mischief too well to tell Henrietta what she knows; and 'twill spoil all his plans: and to a love-sick, romantic boy, this would be vexatious—let it go as it will, I care not, so I can still make women believe themselves angels, while I know them to be fools.

Thus he soliloquized, as he turned towards the gay city, in a jeering, self-satisfied tone, and stopped at a dirty, low looking house, which from the number of voices, and lighted windows, seemed to be a hotel; and as he ascended the narrow creaking stairs, and opened the door of a room at their head, he chuckled to himself, and even when he had entered it, and stood before a second person, he was minutes ere he composed his features to their usually sly, daring look.

Ay, dallier, is it you? where hast thou been, now, hunting out the prettiest damsels of merry France? You look merry—canst thou not pour the mirthful subject into our ears?

The speaker appeared of noble birth and handsome person and there was a sort of mournful persuasiveness in his eyes and manners, that made him still more interesting to the beholder. A smile of the sweetest meaning curved his cheeks, and lighted his deep blue eyes, as his companion, in a half audible whisper, communicated his news.

Sayest thou true? he exclaimed, then by my hopes of heaven we will no further stay.

Stay, replied his companion, that will not do—we must finish our journey.

Well! be it as thou wilt, said the other mildly, and they separated.

When Maguire entered the palace, she found her mistress had retired, but morning had scarcely lifted her dusky eyelid, when she was summoned to the side of her couch. She entered with the same sweet laugh dancing in her eyes, and dimpling her cheeks, and the same arch elevated brow, but she spoke not.

Maguire! Yes, Madame! answered that lover of mischief.

Last night—What, lady?

Provoking girl! you know for what purpose you left me. Explain then what you learnt.

Royal Henrietta, I grieve to tell, I cannot give you his name, but—

How, Maguire—so taken up with thine own silly fancy, that thou couldst not do this little errand? By the Holy Virgin we must part.

Oh, no, lady! replied Maguire, as she stood weeping at her mistress's side;—no, you took me because I was an orphan, keep me then for the same cause;—whither should I go, were I to leave you? Forgive me!

Tush, Maguire, I did not mean it, thou weak hearted girl; but tell what you learnt.

I cannot tell you more than that he is of noble birth, and untarnished courage. Dost thou know his name?

Lady, I do, but I gave a promise not to reveal it.

Then, what use was the learning it girl?

I could then tell you if you might receive his advances as a true knight—and lady thou mayest—

Tush? I wanted not to know that—did you learn the 'squire's name?

Yes exclaimed Maguire, her face and neck blushing a scarlet that seemed to dry her tears, for her eyes were again flashing mirth. Yes! and by my troth, he might be Prince Charles himself, she continued, casting a keen glance on her mistress, but she read nothing there.

What makes the silly head run on Prince Charles, thinkest thou he would come in disguise to woo our maidens?

There was a tone of pique in her voice, as she said so, which Maguire easily discovered.

No, lady, but I had hoped his master might have turned out some such person she replied.

And he is not? Maguire, this was one of your romantic moments; how could you imagine Prince Charles would be here, when he is contracted to the Infanta of Spain? and if he were, would he come here disguised when his own rank would insure him a welcome?—This time, Maguire, thou seest how silly thy fanciless head makes thee, but I hope yet I may know the rank of this unknown knight. Yet I would not have thee break thy promise.

I cannot, Madame.

I would not wish thee, Maguire; but thou wilt yet see thy favored 'squire again—thou must then see what thou canst do.

Lady, I will. I wish thee pleasant rest, said Maguire, and proceeded to her own room; but as she closed her lady's door, she heard a deep drawn sigh.

Ah! it is so? she murmured, as she crossed the winding galleries.

Is what so, sweet one? exclaimed a rough, yet fine voice.

Bu—

No names? said the same voice. It was the same 'squire Maguire had met in the palace yard.

How came you here? she asked, timidly, and shrinking some distance from him, as for safety.

How came I here? Why, then, as you have made me confess before, I will tell you; 'squires know 'squires you know, and I made bold to be seeking another word or two from you, when I heard you had been seen in the Princess's room. If he had told truth, however, he might have said, he had won favor in a lower part of the palace, but not from 'squires.

Be brief, replied Maguire. Say, then does your royal lady know whom she favors?

She does not, but I should have sought you to request I might be allowed to tell her. Have I leave.

If there were only my word depending, sweetest, you should have it, but you know there is another, and that one I cannot obtain. I have sought thee to have thy promise renewed, and thou must do it. We go hence to-day, and I would not leave without a promise of thy favor.

Wave that subject, Sir Knight. Thou wouldst not look honorably on a poor maiden like me, and otherwise I scorn thy love. I know whither you go—where thy master and thyself will forget they loved, or thought they loved, in France.

By my soul no! exclaimed her companion, if thy royal mistress and thyself love but as true as we do, a few months will prove it. But now, farewell! If that silly boy had not set his mind on his journey, not one inch farther would I go, said the deceiver, hastily snatching the same little hand to his lips, that had suffered the same penance on the previous evening. Farewell, till we meet, again on more open terms; and he bent a deep scrutinizing glance on her blushing face, and moistened eye, and with a conscious glance of triumph left the palace.

Is he gone? she thought; is he true? his words say yes! but there is something in his glance that makes me shrink—and his name—oh no, Maguire, you must not think of him. And my poor mistress, how shall I satisfy her? she has not the high spirit that will make me forget—I can, I know it—I would not have spoken but for my mistress's sake.

Yes! thus reasoned Maguire, the tears coursing their way on her velvet cheek all the time. Yet, when she next sought her royal lady, her cheek was dry, and her eyes brilliant as ever; but a close observation might have traced something within, that sometimes dimmed her eye, and made her lip quiver. She had mistaken her mistress, for she did not even question, or reply to a word that Maguire had told her of their interview.—She seemed, indeed to struggle a little

with her pride, when, after a long silence she said—

Maguire, you did not say I loved, or I had asked those questions?

No, fair mistress.

Then all is well. Ay, wench, let them go. The proud Englishman shall not say—let him be whom he may—that the Princess of wide spreading France loved an unknown knight. Yet, Maguire, my affectionate girl, I will own if ever there were man I could love, it is he. Rank cannot alter that, Maguire. But enough of this. I will to the King. Let this be the last time our converse turns this way.

Even so, replied Maguire, and attended her mistress.

Months had sped quickly by, and Maguire and her mistress had kept their resolution not to speak of the absent;—but they were continually reading each other's looks, and with woman's lynx they saw what each termed weakness in the other, and prided herself that she was free from.

It now, however, began to be rumored in Henry's court, that the young Prince Charles was gone to Spain, to ratify the contract with the Infanta; then that it was broken off; and many were the surmises as to the reasons, but few came near the fact.

Henrietta had been setting with Maguire one morning, listening to the merry strains she could not but smile at, and then dropping a tear when Maguire altered the tune to a sad strain, for she had lately learned to sweep its strings slowly, and even to let her eyes fill with tears at her own minstrelsy. She had scarcely changed it to a soft strain, when a maiden entered to bid Henrietta to the King's presence.

I come, she said; then, as she leaned on Maguire, and proceeded to the presence chamber, she softly whispered—Maguire, I know not what hangs over me, but I feel strangely at this summons—I fear I have imbibed thy romantic disposition. Wait me here, she said aloud, as she entered the room and closed the door.

Maguire had been waiting nearly an hour, when the door opened, and an officer of state ushered out the pale weeping Henrietta. She took her arm in silence, and gained her apartments; then throwing herself on the couch, burst into a passionate fit of weeping.

Lady-mistress, what has happened? Let me weep with thee, said the already tearful maiden.

Oh, Maguire! I have been deceiving myself—fancying I loved not—but, girl, look well into your own heart, and tell me, have you quite torn him you favored from your heart? If you have, I do indeed, envy you. Ah! thou art even as I am, else why that crimsoned cheek? Maguire, that prince of whom thou thinkest so much, hath made proposals for me, and the King, my brother, hath said yea! and I was sent for to ratify the word—and then, girl, I found—I knew my heart—I have said no! but it will not avail me; how happy art thou, that canst say yes, or no, as it wills thee.—Smile you when you see me thus?—Then, indeed, I am deceived. Thus spoke the distressed Princess, her whole frame shaking convulsively, and her tears dried in the burning glance she threw on Maguire, as she now smilingly answered—

No, I smile not because thou art unhappy; that is not Maguire—but thou wilt yet be happy—think, royal lady—Queen of England!

Girl, thou dost not love, or if thou dost, 'tis for gain. Begone! I will not listen to thee. Ah! art thou weeping? I am passionate, girl. I did not mean what I said. But you know not how I love.

Yes, yes! I know how thou lovest; but wilt thou then not go to England? And where art thou more likely to meet him thou lovest than there.

Ay, girl, to my sorrow. You form conclusions without thought. Should I not then be another's bride?

Maguire seemed to struggle with some powerful inward feeling, and did not answer.

Ah! I see you think I should love the empty title of Queen! but you are deceived. Say, girl, what would you do—would you wed one man, when you loved another?

No, lady! no, that I would not; but I prophesy you will love the Prince, and—

You might as well think to put fire in water, and make it retain its heat.—And thus the conversation terminated.

It was renewed almost every day, for on no other subject could the mind of the Princess turn. Maguire thought she was composed, and consented to the match readily, but she was deceived again, it was pride—wounded pride, that caused the eye of the Princess to be tearless; not that she felt less; no, her heart was full to bursting, but should it be said she loved one who scorned her?—no!

The time was now quickly approaching that was to seal her fate; 1625 had already begun its course; the splendid presents of the Prince were come, and several of the English nobility had arrived, to witness her nuptials.

And I am to be married by proxy, Maguire! Not even to see my future husband. Maguire! Maguire! I cannot but envy thee, she said, as the eventful day approached.

It came, and, pale and trembling, Henrietta stood, surrounded by her maidens, in the chapel of the palace Maguire stood nearest her, and her English attendants ranged behind her. Her royal brother, Louis XIII. graced the nuptials. At length the Prince's proxy entered, attended by Buckingham, and several 'squires, who bowed lowly to Henrietta, and took their respective places.

Maguire turned from pale to red successively, and grasped the altar for support as she recognized Buckingham, but as quickly recovered herself at a glance from his eye.

As Henrietta went through the ceremony, the bold glances of Buckingham made her tremble, and when the service was concluded, and she was hailed as the Prince's wife, she took Maguire's arm, and followed by her attendants left the chapel.

Maguire, 'tis done! the trial is over; But did you observe that bold man they call the Duke of Buckingham? Tell me, is it not him of whom we have heard so much? of his gallantry I mean? But you tremble, Maguire—are you ill?

All this was whispered, and Maguire, in the same manner, answered—

Royal Princess, I am well; but I did not notice him much—he is that same man of whom you have heard so much licentiousness; and she thought, I fear lady, we shall prove it ere we reach England. How much fitter he looked for her bridegroom, than mine. Yes! lady, you think your fate hard—then what would you think of mine? But he will not dare offer the wife of his Prince any indignity.

That night neither Maguire nor her mistress slept much. Each pondered on their relative situations: one, indeed, was splendid; but how was its splendor increased when the morning brought despatches from England, and she learned that, through the death of her father-in-law, James I., she was Queen of England; and she would in a month be in her husband's court! Yet she felt not pleasure; and, when Maguire entered the room, she had knelt to pray that God would make her to love the King her husband, as she ought to love.

Buckingham waited on her each day, and his disgusting attentions increased. Maguire he still flirted with, but she saw through him now, and despised him with the same ardor that she had loved him.

The ship mounted her gayest colours, when the Princess weeping from the last embrace of her royal brother, stepped on her deck. Maguire accompanied her, but she left not any one in France she would have cared to take with her, she loved only her Queen, and with her she was. It was true, Buckingham was in the ship, but he was hateful to her, and he, piqued by her scorn, treated her as one beneath his notice.

Henrietta landed amid the cheers of her subjects, and her mild, pale face increased their love for her, and she was followed to the palace by both rich and poor.

Yet that woman's foibled vanity!—made her seek her bridal dress to appear in, for she knew its spotless white became her.

Buckingham gazed a long look on her as he led her to the presence of her husband. She trembled violently, and buried her face in her veil, as though to hide her husband's face from her view till the last minute; but, as she approached closer, her knees refused to support her, and she sank trembling into outstretched arms, and those arms were King Charles's!

Henrietta, our consort, look up! said a voice that seemed to act as magic on her; for she opened her eyes, and fixed them, 'midst the sweetest blushes on him.

She looked from Buckingham to Maguire, and then on her consort; and tears, but different from what she had lately shed, fell thickly from her eyes, and they were kissed away by her disguised lover, Prince Charles, and King Charles I.

Maguire, thou naughty one! I will punish thee: tell me, now, where is thy lover?

That was him, my Queen; but I throw him from me: I would not except him, and a tear trickled from beneath her long silken lashes.

Right, right, girl! said Henrietta; but Buckingham, the usual haughty smile curling his mouth, repeated—Right, and turned on his heel.



Charles was not in the humor to sue for an explanation, and the scene passed.

We will be crowned to-morrow, Buckingham, said he; and he sealed the promise on the lips of his wife. Margaret soon after became the bride of one of the King's gentlemen, and continued in her loved Queen's train; and her simple, light hearted manner soothed the unfortunate Henrietta's soul in more trying moments, than had yet passed over her youthful head.—E. A. L.—La Belle Assemblée.

#### THE PROSPECTS OF JACKSON.

The ferment has not yet subsided; & every day, the administration becomes weaker and weaker in the powerful West. No doubt remains that the strength of Clay is increasing every hour, and that it will increase till he is carried to the Presidency by the united voice of the West. The manner in which the President is received in the western cities and towns on his return to the Hermitage, evinces a coldness and a disapprobation, but little corresponding to that enthusiasm, which threw him, as it were, in a tempest of popularity, to the Presidential chair. Military enthusiasm is however of no durable tenure. The passions are only effected by it, while the reason is left uncorrupted.

Indeed it required no gift of prophecy to foresee, that the combination which made the Jackson party, could not sustain itself as a whole. It is not in the nature of things for such discordant instruments to sound in harmony; and the strength and the fear of their enemies have kept them together till this time.

Virginia, it is said, will yield her support to Clay, provided he is in nomination—and here by the way, we will say, we hope no nomination will be made, unless one comes from the West, or from the people, for the nomination of PUBLIC OPINION, is the surest and best guarantee that a candidate for the Presidency can be favored by—Virginia will give her votes to a son of her own, to one who was born in Virginia, and who is one of her gifted Republicans, of whom she has so proudly boasted.

As an example of the spirit of western Virginia, we give the following extract from the Winchester Republican.

"A late visit to some of the adjoining western counties has enabled us to form some opinion of the state of public sentiment therein. We found it rapidly recovering from the passiveness which succeeded the excitement of the Presidential election. The pulse was rising, and a strong and healthy reaction of the political system was taking place. We found our subscribers in raptures with Mrs. Barney's letter and Mr. Holmes' speech. A grazier on the South Branch told us he meant next fall to send Mrs. B. the best heifer in Hampshire county; another said he would subscribe ten dollars towards printing Mr. Holmes's speech in pamphlet form, and sending it all over the country. From all quarters we are called on to give our paper a more decided political character; they told us we had been too moderate.—that they saw from other quarters that Jackson was ruining the country, and that we should come out and let the people know it before our liberties were gone forever. Our friends may be assured that this advice shall not pass unheeded; so far as our feeble ability (physical and mental) will permit, our press shall do its duty."

The reception of Senator Bibb in Kentucky, on his return from Washington, evinces the deepest rooted hatred of the West to the present administration, and to him as one of its advocates. The burning him in effigy, censurable as it is, tells us that he has set Public Opinion at defiance—but the manner in which he was received by his acquaintance is more forcibly illustrative of public sentiment. The Cincinnati American says:—

"Senator Bibb.—We understand from several gentlemen from Kentucky, that when Senator Bibb, landed at Maysville from the steam boat, every individual purposely avoided him. All his acquaintances, as he approached them, turned in another direction. He walked from the landing to the tavern, and not an individual noticed him except to shun him.—There were crowds in the street.—This is the merited consequence of a man's misrepresenting his constituents."

The signs in Maryland are equally propitious. We give an extract from a letter to one of the Baltimore Editors.

"Rockville", (Md.) June 26, 1820.

"DEAR SIR:—A meeting of the citizens of this county has just been held at this place, in pursuance of public notice previously given, to take into consideration the present state of affairs.—There were over 200 present; and previously to the adoption of the resolutions, which were adopted unanimously, the meeting was addressed by the Hon. G. C. WASHINGTON, member of Congress and E. S. FORREST, Esq. member of the Senate of Maryland, who eloquently and forcibly portrayed the horrible misrule of those who holding the reins of Government, most shamefully abuse the powers confided to them for the public good to the subservience of

party and personal views—and usurp for the purpose of punishing foes and rewarding friends, powers never confided to them by the Constitution, or dreamed of by its framers. Jackson was ever in bad odour in this county—his veto on the Frederick and Rockville Road, has diminished much the little strength he had here."—Portland Advertiser.

From the Portland Advertiser.

#### FACTS.

It is baseness in the extreme, and perfectly in character with the Jackson party, for them to endeavor to deceive the People of this State with the story, that the expenses of Jackson's administration have been less than his predecessor. The assertion is false and those who make it know it to be so.

It will be recollected that before Jackson was elected his adherents were loud in denouncing J. Q. Adams for extravagance in public expenditures, and promised large reforms and saving of money in case of a change of administration.—The following will give a striking illustration of the extravagance of the present administration and the economy of the last—and will prove that the Jackson motto has always been,—"all's fair in politics."

In 1825 the whole expenditure of the Government were \$23,585,804 72  
Deduct the pay'ts on act of pub. debt, 12,095,344, 78

Net expenses in 1825, \$11,490,459 94

In 1829 the expenditures were 26,164,595 10  
Deduct pay'ts on pub. debt 12,404,005 80

Payments of money awarded under the Ghent treaty 1,996 55

12,406,002 35

Net expenses in 1829, 13,758,592 75

Deduct 11,490,459 94

Excess of expenses in 1829 over those in 1825, \$2,268,132 81

The above gives a true statement of the expenses of the first year of Mr. Adams' administration and the first year of Mr. Jackson's, making that of Mr. Jackson's TWO MILLIONS TWO HUNDRED AND SIXTY EIGHT THOUSAND, ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY TWO DOLLARS AND EIGHTY TWO CENTS more than that of Mr. Adams. The above statements are correct, and the Jackson papers dare not—I was going to say deny them—but they are prepared for almost any thing.

#### NO MORE A JACKSON MAN.

#### FOREIGN NEWS.

#### LATE FROM EUROPE.

#### RESIGNATION OF PRINCE LEOPOLD.

London, May 21.—The undersigned, after the most mature consideration, is unable to withdraw the opinion, which he communicated to the Plenipotentiaries, in his note of the 15th. He cannot admit that the answer of the President of Greece to the Residents contains a full and entire adherence to the Protocol.—In his judgment, it announces a forced submission to the will of the Allied powers, and even that forced submission is accompanied by reservation of the highest importance.

The President distinctly informs the Residents that the Provisional Government, according to the decrees of the Council of Argos, has no power to convey the assent of the Greek nation.—That it is well known to the Residents, (who were present) that the decree in question declares, that no arrangements entered into by the Provisional Government with the Allied Powers shall be binding upon the Greek nation till they are acknowledged and confirmed by its Representatives. That if the Representatives were called together, they would disobey the instructions of their constituents if they agreed to the propositions of the Allied Powers. But the last part of the President's note bears still more strongly on the views of the case, which the undersigned is compelled to entertain; for the President says, that with regard to the substance of the arrangement, the Government reserves to itself the power of submitting to the Prince, with the copy of the note, such observations as they cannot conceal from him, without betraying their trust towards Greece and the Prince.

Here the undersigned feels it right to correct a mistake which might arise from the wording of the President's letter of April 6.

The undersigned never gave the President reason to believe that he was likely to adopt the Greek religion. Thus are officially connected with the answer of the Provisional Government to the residents, those observations and details of facts which the undersigned forwarded to the Plenipotentiaries on the 15th.—They are most important, as announcing the opinions entertained by the Greek Senate as to the provisions of the Protocol, and their spirit and tendency is not for a moment to be mistaken or their consequences disregarded. The President expressly states, that the communication of the Protocol was received by the Sen-

ate in a mournful silence—that after deliberate consultation the Senate declared to him that they had not the power to accept the Act of the 3d of Feb.; and that even if they had received that power from the nation they could not have exercised it without failing in their duty towards their brethren. That they will never consent to the President's being charged in the name and on the behalf of the nation with the execution of the Protocol. That the Allied Powers may accomplish their decisions, but that they will remain strangers to them; and that if orders are given for their execution in the Provinces, no one will obey them.

In another despatch dated April 22, anterior to his answer to the Residents, April 16, to which the Plenipotentiaries allude as dissipating their fears, the President says, that the Senate at length approves of his answer to the Residents, and is occupied with an Address and a memorial, which is to convey, according to his previous communications, their reasons for refusing to comply with the arrangements entered into by the Allies.—This Despatch, so far from dissipating the apprehensions excited by the former announcement, completely confirms them—for the President again refers to the observations which are connected with his official answers to the Residents, and the whole clearly proves to the undersigned, that the real and unbiased opinion of the Greek Senate and people is firmly and irrevocably hostile to the decisions of the Allied Powers. The documents referred to are annexed to A. B. C. The undersigned does not conceive it consisted with his character and feelings to submit to be thus forced on an unwilling people and to be connected in their minds with a diminished territory—the abandonment of their brethren in arms, and the evacuation of their lands and houses, from which hitherto the Turks have never expelled them but by a temporary incursion—these results the undersigned always apprehended.—

In his communication with the First Lord of the Treasury, of the 9th of February, he protested against going out to govern the Greeks, in pursuance of a Treaty which might also lead to the bloodshed and murder of their brethren. He objected to the new boundaries as weak and insecure in a military point of view, and claiming for the Greeks the right of opposing his nomination. The undersigned must here observe, that at no period of these negotiations have any steps been taken towards the drawing up of a Treaty, of which the Protocol was never considered by him but as the basis, and to the importance of which he drew the Duke of Wellington's attention in the same note. If this treaty has been delayed, it has been delayed by no fault of the undersigned.—He never concealed from the Plenipotentiaries, that however he might be willing to make great sacrifices for the advantage of Greece, they had no right to expect that he would ever go to that country without that security for himself and the Greeks which could alone be found in the provisions of a solemn and ratified Treaty. Again in his memorandum of the 8th of March, he expressed himself in equally decisive terms, as asserted that it would be necessary to conquer the ceded provinces from the Greeks in order to give them to the Turks, and that the new Sovereign could not begin his reign by measures of police in order to make the Greeks abandon their own homes.

If the Greek Senate had either expressed no opinion at all, or at least in such language as might admit the reasonable hope of their acquiescence in these measures, the undersigned might have, however unwillingly, consented to become the instrument of carrying the decisions of Allied Powers into execution, and have endeavored, as much as possible, to alleviate their rigors and obviate their tendency. But their language is as uncompromising as their feelings are natural.

The undersigned is thus placed in this painful position in consequence of his nomination being, by the same act, connected with their compulsory measures. His first act as a Sovereign will have to be either to compel his own subjects by force of foreign arms to submit to the cessions of their estates and properties to their enemies, or to join with them in resisting or evading a part of that very treaty which places him on the throne of Greece.

That one or the other alternative will be forced upon him is certain, because the country between the two lines—Arcania and part of Etolia, which is now to be given up to the Turks—is, together with the fortresses, in the peaceable possession of the Greeks. It is the country from which Greece can best supply herself with timber for building ships—it is the country which has furnished the best soldiers during the war. The chief Military Leaders of the Greeks have been of Arcanian or Etolian families. Subsequently to the arrival in Greece of the Protocol of the 22d of March, 1829, and the publication of the assent of the Turks to the excluded frontier in the treaty of Adrianople, all the families which had survived the war returned and commenced rebuilding their houses and towns, and cultivating their lands; these people will never submit

again to the Turkish yoke without resistance, and the other Greeks will not—cannot—abandon them to their fate. In these circumstances, the duty which the undersigned has to perform towards Greece is clear and straight forward.—Throughout the whole of their transactions he has only contemplated the interests of that country, and was uniformly protested both in his written communications and his personal interviews with the Ministers of England and the Plenipotentiaries of the Allied Courts, against the Greeks being forced into arrangements, considered by them as contrary to their wishes, and destructive of those rights which, as the President justly observes, their great sacrifices gave them a right to insist upon.

When the undersigned contemplated the high distinction of becoming Sovereign of Greece, it was with the hope of being acknowledged freely and unanimously by the Greek nation, and welcomed by them as the friend through whose means their long and heroic struggle were to be repaid, by the security of their territories, and the establishment of their independence on a permanent and honorable basis.

It is with the deepest regret that the undersigned sees these hopes annihilated, and is forced to declare that the arrangements of the Allied Powers, and the opposition of the Greeks, deprive him of the power of effecting this sacred and glorious object; and would impose on him an office of a very different character—that of a Delegate of the Three Allied Courts, appointed by them to hold Greece in subjection by the force of their arms. Such a measure would be as repugnant to his feelings and as injurious to his character, as it is in direct opposition to the objects of Treaty of the 6th July, in which the Three Powers are associated for the purpose of obtaining the pacification of the East.

The undersigned, therefore, formally resigns into the hands of the Plenipotentiaries, a trust which circumstances no longer permit me to execute with honor to myself, benefit to Greece, or advantage to the general interests of Europe.

He begs the Plenipotentiaries to accept, &c.  
LEOPOLD, PRINCE DE SAXE.

#### FRENCH EXPEDITION TO ALGIERS.

The April number of the Revue Encyclopedique (says the Salem Gazette) contains an article on the French Expedition against Algiers, by J. C. L. DE SISMONDI. As Algiers is the only point to which all the eyes are now turned of those who take an interest in the operations of grand armies and armadas, we have transferred the article to our columns, through the medium of a translation in the New York Commercial Advertiser. Mr. Sismondi says:

"We believe, and will endeavor to shew, that the war with Algiers, considered in the abstract, being undertaken opportunely and pursued to the end where it should naturally terminate, is just and honorable; that it is useful to France; and that of all the conquests the nation can desire, none will be so advantageous as that of the coasts of Barbary, so nearly within reach."

"All travellers who have seen Algiers, all the publications about that government, concur in describing it as the largest association formed for the purpose of rapine that has ever existed on the earth. Since 1516, when the corsair Horuch, Aruch, or Aroudji Barbarossa, (introduced into Algiers by the Moorish King of that country, Selim Euteris,) destroyed his benefactor and seized upon his throne, the sovereignty has always belonged to the band of brigands instituted by that pirate, organized by his brother and successor Harriaden, and recruited at a distance in the Levant, in such a manner as always to keep up the number of twelve thousand men. These Turks of the Levant, associated for the commission of crime, and selected from among those pursued by justice and banished from society, are so odious to their compatriots, that there is no instance of a Turkish female having so far degraded herself as to marry an Algerine. Yet every one of these bandits as soon as he is enrolled in the militia of Algiers, calls himself an Effendi, (or Lord) and considers himself as having a share in the government.—It is for him, and to increase his pay, swelling in amount every year, that the Algerine pirates rove on the sea, and the Beys, at the head of their small army, levy contributions on land. He rises by seniority successively in rank, to the highest military offices; and, if favored by perfidy or the violence of factions, becomes seated on the throne of the Dey. But none other can enter the Algerine army than a Levantine or Turk, or renegade Christian. This is the title of nobility invented by Barbarossa, in imitation of the order of Malta. Whoever is born in the states over which that military corps holds dominion, is excluded from it forever.

Neither Moor, nor Arab, nor Berber, nor Jew, can be admitted. The children of the Effendis of the army, called *Koulouglis*, those of the Beys, and of the Dey himself, are perpetually excluded. Nothing can efface the stain of having been born of a Moorish woman or a slave.

The chief whom these robbers elect

from among themselves to command them, whom they style their Dey, never mounts the throne save over the corpse of his assassinated predecessor. Each election is preceded and followed by numerous massacres. The aspirant, when crowned, suffers none of his competitors to live; and if he does not perish himself on the first day of his reign, he cuts off the heads of all his rivals; and it is but a painful dignity which he attains at such a price. His comrades, who have raised him above themselves to preserve discipline, and their disputes, and administer justice, leave him scarcely a moment's rest. At sun-rise, every day in the week, except Thursday and Saturday, he is seated on a lion's skin in the Hall of the Divan, occupied with affairs of state, and surrounded by his ministers, and afterwards with passing judgments and causing the sentences to be executed. He discharges these last functions with no regard for human life, with no moderation in awarding punishments and fines, but also without delay or expense, and with the rough impartiality commonly found in a captain of robbers, a King of the Gypsies, or a commander of pirates, who like the Dey, rule over bands leagued together for hostility against all mankind. The plundering system of Algiers has the same influence at sea and on land.—The sovereign soldiery, or twelve thousand Turks, in whose name the Dey reigns, understand nothing of industry. They are banded only to despoil the weak, and divide the plunder. Piracy is considered as the first of the resources of the State Revenue. The public Treasury claims a free half of the profit of captured vessels, half the lading, and half the value of captives, who are sold at auction in the public market, after having been made to run, jump, and carry burthens before the purchasers, and having had all personal defects examined, with no respect for age or sex.—They are fed in a bagnio, with three black loaves of half a pound each per day, and a few olives in vinegar. They must gain their subsistence by labor, in case they are not removed from the bagnio to share the disgraceful favors of their masters. It is common enough for thirteen hundred Christian slaves to be in the bagnios, and seven hundred in private hands.

"At the time when the power of Algiers was highest, under the two Barbarossas and their immediate successors, when their marine excelled all those of Europe, they carried on piracy indiscriminately against all Christian nations; but they have declined by the natural effects of their manner of life and their crimes. Their navy consists of no more than a dozen or fifteen vessels, carrying about two hundred cannon; since which they have consented to bind themselves by treaties, to respect the formidable powers, while they receive the annual presents they exact. But they make no treaties with those men whom they do not fear, and without provocation or offence will make war on the Pope, the small Italian states, and Hanseatic towns; not that they have any complaint to make of being wronged, but because their treasury is empty and must be filled. These pirates are out of the protection of the Laws of Nations, by their own will, and by having considered it a sufficient ground for war to say to another nation "we want your property, to divide, and your persons to be our slaves." They have made any war lawful which only may be waged against them, provided only it be declared.—They now complain that the French Consul has taken Roman subjects under his protection; for, France has consented by treaties confirmed for the last time, in March 1790, to the shameful terms of not lending its flag, and not protecting the vessels of foreign powers, which may be at war with the Algerine government." But this government has had no other motive or pretext for declaring war against the Pope, than a desire to plunder his subjects. A like motive is sufficient for declaring war against itself.

"The robber-empire of the Algerine soldiery extends over all the country between the realms of Morocco and Tunis, the Mediterranean and great desert of Africa. This region is designated as the realm of Algiers, though inhabited by a great number of independent tribes who are annually pillaged by the Algerines, but defend themselves as well as they can. M. Perrot gives it 220 leagues in breadth and 150 in depth. M. Renaudot, 215 in breadth and 180 from its mean extent from north to south; while the chart of Dufour makes it 205 by 140, and containing 19,000 square leagues. The lowest of these calculations makes its extent as great as that of Italy, with a climate and soil superior to those of that beautiful peninsula.—inasmuch that it can support twice as many inhabitants. It did in fact support them; both when the province of Africa was the richest and happiest belonging to Rome, and when the Caliphs restored it a second time to civilization, and founded numerous Arabian Universities; making it the seat of literature, science and art, at a period when Europe was stationary in ignorance and barbarity. But such has been the irresistible pressure of the military despotism, that it has reduced the population



to two millions and a half, relics of the ancient Berbers, Moors, Arabs, Moriscos of Spain and Jews. The only rule of government known to that of Algiers, is to take from the wretched people all that can be carried off from them. The Kouloglis, children of Turks, who dwell in the towns, with some remaining servile and degenerate Moors, and the Jews, are the only persons who enjoy a kind of protection and of justice, within a narrow circuit round the villages where they have their improvements and gardens. The towns, once numerous and flourishing, possess now neither industry, commerce nor manufactures. Their population rapidly diminishes, as they are falling to ruin. The most remote fields are cultivated by the Berbers and Moors, who only shew themselves in the working season, and take refuge in the deserts and mountains after the harvest, of which they carry a great part with them, and hide the rest in the earth; whilst, every year, the three Beys of Oran, Titerie and Constantine, lieutenants of the Bey, set out at the head of three bodies of Turkish troops, to levy the annual contribution on these people, or, rather, to take away, by main force, all that can be removed.—It is asserted, that round Algiers, and within the distance of three leagues from it, ten or twelve thousand gardens or country seats may be counted. There the remarkable fertility of the soil is seen contending with the carelessness and want of skill of the cultivators, who have let all the productions of the soil degenerate. After passing these borders, and the precincts of other large towns, the land has no proprietors and the country no government. The first chance occupant sows the field, which he can only reap by stratagem, by flying with the booty, which he hides in the earth, as if he had borne it off as an enemy.

"In this annually renewed war to levy contributions, and struggle between brigandage and barbarity, man has suffered still more in his moral nature than in his habits of industry. Though the scum of the Turkish nation, the sovereign soldiery are the least despicable portion of the Algerine population. In the midst of their vices and ferocity, they preserve discipline and courage.—Power has given a certain dignity to their manners. But all the subject tribes have terribly degenerated. The Kouloglis, estimated by Renaudot at 150,000, give themselves up to every vice, and the most effeminate weakness. The Moors, Berbers and Moriscos of Spain, disarmed by their oppressors, have preserved none of the courage of their ancestors. They have alike forgotten the art of war, the literature which they restored to Europe, the manufactures which excited the admiration of former days, and the agriculture in which they shewed their vast superiority in Grenada and Valencia. Those who live in towns have fallen into intemperance, and into slavery; those who cultivate the fields, and take refuge in mountains and deserts, into the lowest stage of savage life. The Jews, repulsed and despised by all the other classes, placed in the social ladder of rank below the slaves, not allowed to drink at the public fountains, till the meanest slave has done so, are more overwhelmed with insult and injustice, than they ever were in the middle ages by intolerant Europe.

"A matter of great interest to France is involved, being in fact the greatest benefit that can be expected from war,—a conquest at the same time and a colony; both the richest and most advantageous that have been offered to the ambition of rulers; the conquest of a region nearly equal to Spain in extent, situated under the same skies, almost in the same latitude, with the same abundance of fine streams, the same productions, a superior fertility of soil, and without the winds so pernicious to Castille;—which, like Spain, has in reality no neighbor but France; for she has no frontier to guard against any enemy.—The realm of Algiers is separated from Toulon by only 135 leagues of the sea, which a fleet will cross in eight days, merchant vessels in three, ships of war in thirty-six hours, and steamboats in twenty-four. The sea joins France to Algiers as the chain of Pyrenees separates it from Spain. Toulon or Marseilles and Algiers, which are neighbors, are the centres of commercial activity and intelligent enterprise; while the proximity of Roses and Perpignan is of no utility.

"Algiers will not only be a conquest, but a colony, a new country in which French enterprise and surplus population may find room. France is doubtless large and prolific enough to support twice as many inhabitants and employ twice the capital she possesses. But property is tied up under the existing order of things; the proportion between the want and production is ascertained; and it could not be changed without suffering. The progressive amelioration of France is going on, but with a certain slowness, which we should neither hope or wish to see altered, at the risk of experiencing all the agitations which England now undergoes. France may one day employ at home the redundancy of talents and capitals, but it is a fact

that she does not, at present; that she rejects them; that a general inconvenience arises therefrom in the social state. It is a fact that every generation produces thousands of young men, initiated into arts, calculation, and business intelligence, who demand occupation and cannot find it, because all pursuits are filled. It is a fact that all the places in the gift of the government, and all that commerce can create, are sought for with avidity; that there are in the learned professions more associates than the bar, the medical profession, instruction, and the press can employ in the public service. It is also a fact that manufactures, agriculture and commerce imperfectly reward the industry engaged in them; that the sale of all the products, raw and manufactured, is difficult; that merchandize, taking the word in its largest sense, exceeds the demand of the market and the ability of buyers; that that capital superabounds. Employment is therefore imperiously demanded for all this surplus mass of talent, knowledge, enterprise, and capital; it is necessary to the repose of France, for unemployed it is a permanent source of trouble; and to her future prosperity,—for, in order to be progressive she must be able, as her capabilities are developed, to call new talents and new capital into her service; and, for this purpose it is necessary that the creation of surplus talents and capital should not be discouraged.

[To be concluded.]  
**THE OBSERVER.**  
NORWAY, TUESDAY, JULY 27.

**REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION.**  
[THE CITIZENS of this State friendly to its present administration, and opposed to the designs of those who are desirous of placing the power of the State in blind subservience to the General Government as now administered, are requested to meet in Convention, at AUGUSTA, on FRIDAY, the THIRTIETH day of JULY next, ELEVEN o'clock in the forenoon, for the consideration of such subjects as they may deem pertinent to the occasion. The excited state of public feeling caused by the anti-republican measures of the General Administration in its relentless proscription of men, lavish expenditure of public money, and the dangerous usurpation of power by the Executive, hitherto unprecedented in the history of any administration, call loudly for the expression of the voice of the People in their primary assemblies. It is their right to express it; their duty now demands it.]

By request of the State Committee.  
Portland, June 28, 1830.

**OXFORD COUNTY REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.**  
The National Republicans of Oxford County are requested to meet in Convention at the House of SIMEON CHIPMAN, in South Paris, on TUESDAY the SEVENTEENTH day of AUGUST next, at TEN o'clock in the forenoon, for the purpose of selecting candidates for Senators, and other County Officers. Every incorporated town is requested to send two, and each plantation one delegate. It is hoped that a full representation will be sent, as business of importance will come before them.

By order of the County Committee.

**DISTRICT CONVENTION.**  
The National Republicans of Oxford Congressional District are requested to meet in Convention at the House of Simeon Chipman, in South Paris, on Tuesday the seventeenth day of August next, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, for the purpose of selecting a candidates to represent them in the present Congress, also to transact all other business that may come before them. Each town in the District is requested to send two, and each plantation one Delegate. A general and punctual attendance is requested.

By order of the District Committee.

It will be perceived by the above notices that Oxford is about to take the field and commence the political campaign. It is confidently hoped & believed that the National Republican party will at the approaching elections, exhibit their whole strength and purify Oxford from the disgrace of last September—let the *Hutchinsons*, and *Steels*, and *Ripleys* be reduced to their proper level.

We call upon all, who abhor the proscriptive system of President Jackson—who esteem the excellent qualities of our much abused Governor, and above all, who tremble in view of the horrid usurpations of the Jackson *regime*, to be up and doing.

**ASSEMBLAGE OF THE PEOPLE.**

On Friday next the assemblage of the People will meet at Augusta. Already the people in this quarter begin to be in motion—present appearances indicate a numerous meeting—much is anticipated from their deliberations. The Jackson party affect to look with indifference on this movement of the people, but it is exceedingly manifest that they dread its influence—and why should they not dread it? There is nothing so death-like and disheartening to aristocracy and Juntoism as the coming of the people.

We have received a request to publish an account of the Celebration of Independence, in Turner, the request shall be complied with in our next paper.

The name of Jefferson is considered by the Argus and its satellites as of the first authority in support of any principle or opinions they may choose to entertain. We hope the Argus will deny the infallibility of Jefferson, if he should be found now and then to advance opinions not so perfectly in accordance with what Jacksonism would best be pleased with. We cannot understand why his views, if they happen to clash with the sentiments of the Argus, are not entitled to equal credibility and confidence with those which are more pleasing to the ruling passions. We presume it will not be denied, that Mr. Jefferson was a tolerably correct observer and judge of personal character; and if his judgment is to be esteemed as of any authority, we hope the Argus will give to it all due weight. In 1823, Mr. Jefferson remarked of HENRY CLAY, that "he considered him one of the most talented and brilliant men and Statesmen that the country had ever produced," and that he hoped "to see him President of this Republic."

Now we verily believe that this opinion, as expressed by Mr. Jefferson, is even more in vogue now than ever before. There is not a man in the Union whose name is welcomed with more pride and pleasure than HENRY CLAY.—He is emphatically a man of the people. He is indebted for all he is or hopes to be to his own talents and unaided exertions and industry.—"His career has been a career of glory;" and although an unholy alliance, formed, if ever one was, by bargain and corruption, has attempted to arrest his onward progress to eminence, and prevent his ascending that proud elevation where Jefferson hoped to see him, yet in spite of that combination his march is onward and upward. We rejoice to see that it is so. We rejoice, because we believe his elevation will be the people's triumph—a memorable and glorious triumph of the people over faction and misrule.

In time of peace and great national prosperity, the great body of the people are too apt to relapse into apathy and a criminal listlessness with regard to public men and measures. Designing demagogues are secretly at work to secure for themselves the posts of emoluments; and reckless of consequences to their country they stickle at nothing which stands in the way of their advancement. Such has been unfortunately the case among us; and the ambition of these men has urged them onward to such lengths, that the eyes of the people are now opening to a clearer apprehension of our present situation. It cannot be disguised, that the measures of the present administration do not accord with the spirit and true intent and meaning of our constitution and laws. The acts of the ruling powers have been felt among and around us, with a pungency and pain that have induced to a very general inquiry into the causes and reasons. *The people want more light and they will have it*; and if when respectfully called upon to furnish it the dominant party doggedly refuse to impart, and entrench themselves in sullen silence, it surely is not the way to stifle public inquisitiveness.

Yankee curiosity is sometimes condemned, and often ridiculed. But it is not to be stifled; it seeks to be gratified; and when the object is something which affects their own business, and is within what they deem a right, the people will not take a no. It is this spirit, which seeks to know, and thinks it has a right to know, what concerns every individual in the community,—which promises to interpose the strongest and safest check against the encroachment of ambitious and designing men upon the liberties of the people. It ought not to be repressed—we trust it never will be. Acting up to the promptings of this inquisitive spirit and temper, the people have searched—and the operation has been a searching one—into the doings of the present administration. Nor have they rested here; they have gone farther, and from the fruits have judged of the tree. They have watched the leafing out and blossoming of the tree; one season has passed away, they have gathered of the fruits, have tasted it, and condemn it as unworthy of further use.

We live in perilous times. Danger threatens our prosperity. There has been but little in the acts of the present administration worthy of approval; but much deserving of strong and decided condemnation. Pain and mortification have oppressed the hearts of every American. Bargain & corruption, if there is any meaning in the terms, have been constantly in a process of operation. We have seen it illustrated all around us in the boasted *Reform* of the Executive, which has ejected men from office, whether honest or capable or not, to make room for political partisans. With but few exceptions not a man has been turned out of office who hailed under the banner of Jacksonism, and not one has been appointed to fill the vacancy thus made who was not a supporter of the powers that be. We doubt whether a single exception to this can be adduced. We have also seen this Bargain and Corruption also in the boasted *Reformation* that was promised. Thousands and thousands of dollars expense has been incurred, without the shadow of a substantial reason to justify it, to reward party men with missions and embassies to foreign nations. The ablest and best of men have been recalled from abroad, and successors have been sent in their places whose sole recommendations in not a few instances have been nothing but a desperate devotion to the Hero, and his cause.

It is from this sad and dismayed picture before us, that we turn with unmingled delight to witness the rising glories of the Sun in the West. The name of HENRY CLAY rises before our enraptured vision with a lustre that dispels the dark and shadowy forebodings which spread a gloom over futurity. We know what his principles are. He never veiled his sentiments

in obscurity and doubts. The people know that they are not loath to wander in the mazes of conjecture to ascertain what his course will be. Unlike Jackson he does not shroud his opinions in mysterious ambiguity, nor clothe them in language equivocal or double meaning; but like a plain blunt man, he speaks right on, without disguise or concealment; and we know where to find him. Such is the man we want for our public steward; and *that man we shall have*.—We fully coincide with the illustrious Jefferson in the opinion he expressed of Henry Clay. We like him, believe Henry Clay to be "one of the most talented and brilliant men and Statesmen that the country has ever produced;" and, like him, we sincerely hope, as we cordially wish, "to see him hold the place of chief Executive of the American Republic."

The National Republican Convention in York County was held at the Meeting house in Alfred on Thursday the 15th inst., when the following persons were nominated as candidates to be supported at the next election, for the Senate of Maine; also a person to represent that District in the next Congress of the United States.—  
HON. JOHN BODWELL, of Acton.  
HON. ABRAHAM USHER, Jr. of Hollis, and NATHAN D. APPLETON, Esq. of Alfred, for the Senate and,  
HON. GEORGE SCAMMAN, of Saco, for Representative in Congress. It is said that this was the largest political meeting that ever assembled in the County of York. It was the prevailing opinion among those who witnessed the proceedings, that not less than nine hundred voters were present. The committee appointed to prepare an address, reported a very long, able and eloquent address to the people of Maine, which we decline publishing on account of its great length.

**JOURNAL OF LAW.**  
We have received the first number of the Journal of Law, a periodical to be published at the office of the Journal of Health, Philadelphia, semi-monthly at \$1.50 per annum, payable in advance. J. Dobson agent for the Proprietor. The work is in the same style of the Journal of Health, and pursues the same purpose in reference to legal science that the Journal of Health does in medical. It is under the management of an association of gentlemen of the Bar.—From the first number we can hardly judge of its merits, but are quite certain that nothing of ordinary or mean character can emanate from the source, whence this proceeds.

**MONEY!!! WANTED!!!**  
OWING to the pressing want of "MONEY" at this time we are admonished by our obligations to our creditors that we must not be unmindful of their liberality towards us, and are therefore necessarily compelled to call upon all persons who are indebted to the undersigned, for ADVERTISING and JOB PRINTING, to be "punctual" and make immediate payment, (for punctuality is the best safeguard to promote the welfare of all trades.) It is not our desire to vex at any time, but when necessity "stares us in the face" we are driven to the unpleasant task of doing it. We hope our patrons will take this as a friendly hint, and remit to us our due forthwith.  
GOODNOW & PHILIPS.  
Observer Office, Norway, July 26, 1830.

**HEBRON ACADEMY.**  
THE Fall Term in Hebron Academy will commence on the eighteenth day of August; and the Female Department, under the superintendence of a well qualified young Lady, on Monday the sixth of September.  
JOHN TRIPP, Sec'y.  
July 22, 1830. 5 3w

**INFORMATION WANTED.**  
IF any person can give information of the residence, if living, of Mr. Jared Hall, who left Marshfield, in the State of Vermont, about two years since, and resided, for a short time, thereafter, in Burlington, they will confer an essential favor on an afflicted woman, by conveying intelligence, to her, by mail, directed to Marshfield, Vt.  
POLLY HALL.  
June 18, 1830.

Printers will aid the cause of humanity by inserting the above.

**COLLECTOR'S NOTICE—CARTHAGE.**  
NOTICE is hereby given to the nonresidents of Carthage, County of Oxford, that the same are taxed in the bills committed to me the undersigned Collector, to collect for the year A. D. 1829, in the several sums following, viz:

Names where known	No. of Tolls.	No. of Rates.	State County & Town Tax.	Delinquent Taxes for 1828 &c.
Nathaniel Dunning,	317	110	180	3 42
do	316	64	40	76
David Dunlap, Esq.	211	160	80	152 6 04
Roger Merrill, Esq.	215	120	75	1 43 4 41
do	312	160	100	1 90
Abiathur Austin,	31	9160	80	152 3 33
Bowman & Haskell,	1	9160	100	1 90 1 37
Lealand & Tucker,	410	80	40	76 1 47
North half,				
Staples and Carey,	416	160	80	152
do	417	160	160	3 04
do	516	160	80	152
do	517	203	210	3 99
do	616	160	100	1 90
Edmund Maynie,	515	160	50	1 05
Benjamin Gould,	12	6160	130	2 47
Jessie H. Saunders,	10	2	44	30 57
William Bowley,	2	80	60	1 14
do	210	8	29	35 1 60
Gideon Bowley,	210	8	20	35 1 87
Philip Yetton,	210	8	20	35

Unless said Taxes and all necessary intervening charges are paid to me the subscriber, on or before Thursday the twenty-eighth day of October next, at one o'clock in the afternoon, so much of said land will then be sold at Public Vendue, as will discharge the same, at the dwelling-house of Daniel Storer, Esq. in Carthage.  
JACOB BERRY,  
Collector of Carthage for 1829.  
Carthage, July 10, 1830. 3w 5

**WANTED,**  
WITHIN one month, to complete a contract, 1000 yards Raw Wool FLANNEL—500 do Cotton and Wool do of good width and quality, for which satisfactory prices will be given by  
H. G. CARTER,  
No. 9, Mussey's Row, Middle street.  
Portland, June 15. 4w 4

**H. G. CARTER,**  
**Fancy**  
**DRY GOODS.**  
NO. 9.

Mussey's Row, Middle-St. Portland  
WHERE may be found every article in the line with many not usually kept, which may be discerned by the following:—

Swiss Muslins; figd and plain Mull do. do.; Barages, various colors; Palmyrenes, MARI-NO, raw Silk, Valencia and many other SHAWLS; Hose of Cotton, Silk, Raw Silk, Linen and Worsted materiel, some two or three hundred, double heels; Gloves, Mitts, Parasols; LEGHORNS, bot at Auction; Navarines, white, black and buff; Circassians; Merino Cloths; Smyrna Gauzes; Muslin Jack'd Robes, a cheap article for Dresses; Lustre Lev-entines; black India Levantines; Satin do. do. real India; blk Silk Camlets-for Pelisses; Gro de Naps; Gro de Indes; Gro de Lins; Plaid Bombazines; superb blk Lace Veils from 2 to \$10 real double; blk Lace Bobinet 5 4 and 6 4 wide for Veils; white do.; Muslin wrought Collars 1s 6d; Green Gauze Veils; Green Gauze Barrage and Crape for Veils; Battistes various colors; superior Spool Cotton 4s 6d a doz.; Balls in Boxes; Balls in lbs; Wire do. in oz.; Linen Floss best quality; Cotton do spools and Skeins; Ribbons, Bonnet, Cap, Sash, Belt, &c. new and old style.  
Sheetings and Shirtings; Calicoes; Ginghams, of all kinds and qualities; Vestings of Valencia, Marseilles, dark and light.

**BROADCLOTHS and CASSIMERES**—all fashionable shades and many different qualities.

Tickings; Checks; Stripes; Gingham;—Jeans; Fustians; thin Stuffs, such as Cassimere, col'd Jeans, Ronen Cassines, Stamonts Drilling, French do. Silk Strip'd do. &c.

**CRAVATS,**  
Cambric, Muslin, plaid, figured, shaded, &c.  
**SILK STOCKS,**

of every fashionable pattern; Gents. stout Horsklin Gloves; Bandanna, Flagg, German, English, French and other Pocket HAND, KEBCHIEFS, Military Stocks; Buff Gloves; and Vestings; Muslin Cravats; best Ital'n Cravats; Dimoties; Corded Cambrics & Lawns; Cotton Yarn, black, white, mix'd Knitting Cotton; Duck for Pants; ready made Drilling Pantalons and Jackets; Batting; Wadding; Seersuckers; Diapers stout and wide; Furniture Pack 9d to 2s; Crape Shawls; Foundation Muslin; White Tulle Velvet for painting Blue India Nankins; Coat, Vest and children's Buttons; plain German Caps for Boys; Fancy Jewel boxes; Scotch Tapes; C. Silver Thimbles; Fans, palmleaf and feather; Cologne; best quality; Linen Cambric Handkerchiefs 3s to 6s; Pocket Books; Steel Scissors; Ivory Combs; Hair and Tooth Brushes; Bobbinett Laces; thread wrought; Straw Braids; all articles in the Millinery line.

**TRAVELLING BASKETS,**  
all sizes, which together with ninepenny Calicoes and sundry other articles not mentioned, constitute his Stock complete; individuals and heads of Families about purchasing for themselves or others, will be enabled to find many articles not usually obtained without search.  
Portland, July 10. 6w 4

**GRAND RESTORATIVE, OR GERMAN ELIXIR,**  
For the cure of Colds, Coughs, Consumptions, Phurisy, Spitting of Blood, Hooping Cough, and most diseases of the Lungs.

THE fatal tendency of diseases which affect the organs of the chest is well known; and if except the acute epidemic diseases, it will be found that affections of the lungs constitute a greater share of the bill of mortality than all other diseases.

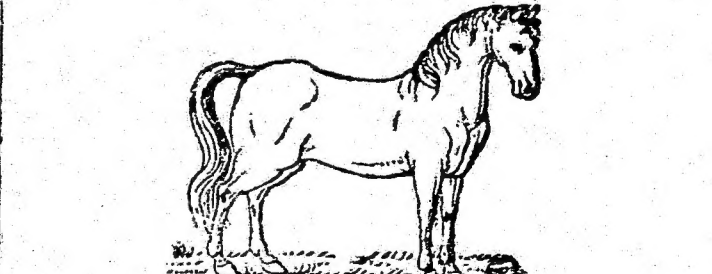
It is therefore highly necessary that persons who are affected with colds or coughs, (however slight they may appear at first,) should be particular in applying a remedy in season. A large proportion of the persons who die by consumption, and at first only affected by a slight cough, and had that been cured, they would have escaped that almost fatal disorder. This Elixer was the discovery of a medical gentleman in Germany, who devoted a long time to the examination of the cause, nature, and cure of

**Pulmonary Complaints**  
has uniformly had the happiest effects in checking, and finally eradicating these alarming diseases; and in many cases that were considered by others, it has wrought a perfect cure.—He for a long time kept the discovery a profound secret but for a large sum of money, was induced to sell the recipe to an American Physician who had resided several years in Munich, by whom it was recently sent to this country.

Many certificates in corroboration of the above statements might be easily procured, but the Proprietors are so well assured of its beneficial effects that they offer it to the afflicted with the fullest confidence of its success.

For sale by  
**ASA BARTON, Agent.**  
June 21, 1830. lamly 52

**HORSE LOST.**



STRAYED from a pasture near the Congregational Meeting House in Waterford, on Tuesday night July 6th a bay Horse, middling size, long tail, newly shod, carries his head low. Any person who has or will take him up and give me information, or bring him to me, or to Levi Whitman, Esq. of Norway Village, shall be well rewarded.

**ALLEN GREELY.**  
Turner, July 8th, 1830. \*3w 3

**ASHES!**  
WANTED.

THE subscriber will continue to take well burnt Dry Wood ASHES through the season, for which he will pay 14 cents per Bushel, in Goods.  
**INCREASE ROBINSON.**  
Norway, June 8, 1830. 50 2m

**WHEAT, RYE, CORN, OATS, BUTTER, CHEESE, &c.** will be received in payment for the Observer.



POETRY.

From the Boston Statesman.

TO SARAH.

The bird of land when far at sea  
Looks wishful toward the shore;  
The skiff, its oars pulls fearfully,  
When night, the sky is o'er.

The wanderer in a distant clime,  
Will think oft of his cot,  
Remembering where the matin chime  
Peel'd out "forget me not."

The last lone one, whom madness blinds,  
Within its burning chain,  
Sometimes, will feel sweet reasons winds,  
Blow o'er its scorched plain.

The flower, the sun, the garnished skies,  
Their seasons ever keep—  
Thus my relentless destinies,  
Have doom'd me still to weep.

For thou and bliss are still away,  
And clouds make life a night—  
There comes no hope with its pale ray  
To give me thee and light.

Dearest! when comes this stillly eve,  
When stars are quivering high,  
Let fancy this dear vision weave,  
That thine own love is nigh.

Let the soft breeze as it creeps on,  
Reveal this truth to thee;  
That though thou art awhile alone,  
Alone thou canst not be—

For the heart that feels, and the tear that steals,  
Though now in distance hidden—  
In the twilight hour, in love's own bower,  
Are with thee, though unbidden.

Then blame not him, whom fate has driven,  
From thee a passing while,  
But weep that he has lost a heaven,  
When absent from thy smile.

THE WIFE.

"She flung her white arms around him—thou  
art all that this poor heart can cling to."

I could have stemmed misfortune's tide,  
And borne the rich one's sneer;  
Have braved the haughty glance of pride,  
Nor shed a single tear;  
I could have smiled on every blow  
From life's full quiver thrown,  
While I might gaze on thee and know  
I should not be alone.

I could—think I could have brooked  
Even for a time, that thou  
Upon my fading face hadst looked  
With less of love than now.

For then I should at least have felt  
The sweet hope still my own,  
To win thee back—and whilst I dwelt  
On earth, not been alone.

But thus to see from day to day,  
Thy brightening eye and cheek,  
And watch thy life slowly waste away,  
Unnumbered, slowly, meek;  
To meet thy smile of tenderness,  
And catch the feeble tones  
Of kindness, ever breathed to bliss,  
And feel, I'll be alone.

To watch thy strength each hour decay,  
And yet my hopes grow stronger,  
As filled with heaven-ward they say,  
"Earth may not chain thee longer."  
Nay, dearest, 'tis too much—this heart  
Must break when thou art gone,  
It must not be,—we may not part,—  
I could not live alone!

THE PRINTER'S LOVE.

We love to see the blooming rose,  
In all its beauty dress;  
We love to hear our friends disclose  
The emotions of the breast.

We love to see a ship arrive  
Well laden to our shore;  
We love to see our neighbors thrive,  
And love to bless the poor.

We love to see domestic life  
With uninterrupted joys;  
We love to see a youthful wife  
Not pleased with trifling toys.

We love all these—yet far above,  
All that we ever said,  
We love what every PRINTER LOVES,  
To have subscriptions paid.

To the Editor of the Oxford Observer—  
Sir, if you can find a place in your useful  
paper for the following, please insert it. J. E.

THE REVERIE.

Hence ye gay phantoms, ye triflers of  
time, ye vain delusive joys!—hence all  
ye fond dreams of sublunary bliss,  
and let me contemplate undisturbed,  
the transcendent glories of the heavenly  
world, where bliss sublime in long suc-  
cession rolls, and friendship's sacred joys  
no interruption knows. Such contem-  
plations as these absorbed my mind on  
the death of a lately departed friend,  
when I fell into the following reverie—

Seated in a most elegant vehicle, I  
thought I was (by an unseen exertion)  
wafted with inconceivable velocity thro'  
the liquid air! I left this darksome globe  
with the surrounding planets, soared to  
those empyrian regions where Phœbus's  
golden beams no light bestows; but ravs  
of glory infinitely surpass his forever  
shine.

Quick as thought can pierce the azure skies,  
I reached the borders of the world on high—  
Where majestic Gabriel, the most High's  
attendant saluted me with a benignity  
that cannot be described by mortal pen!  
Seraph divine said I, with heaven inspi-  
red ardor, these are the serene, the joy-  
ful realms of peace; this is emphatical-  
ly the gate of heaven, open to me then  
the bright portal, and give admission to  
my immortal mind, that it may find a  
happy asylum for every future scene of  
wo! Have patience my son, said he,  
till you twinkle luminary (pointing to  
the sun, which then appeared less than  
does from earth the smallest star) has  
told off the clock of time; perhaps but  
a few more fleeting years, when with  
joy I shall receive the mandate to con-  
vey you to those bliss abodes; but to  
make your pilgrimage less tedious and the  
"nauseous draught of life go down,"  
look yonder, pointing to most glorious  
appearance,

Where all the heavenly hosts are seen  
In shining ranks to move  
And drink immortal pleasures in  
With rapture and with love

There among the joyful train I my Eu-  
dosius viewed, that newly chosen friend,  
who lately took his flight from this drear-  
y vale. A beautiful azure robe, bes-  
pangled with brilliant suns hung loosely  
over his noble form—not all East India's  
gems sparkle with such a lustre as did  
the diadem on his distinguished head,  
glancing his visionary orbs around he  
discovered his Melanthes—Ah! my  
friend, said he, embracing me with holy  
transport, welcome, thrice welcome to  
these blissful shores:—

"Welcome from sorrow, and strife,  
Welcome from all the storms of life;  
Here pleasures reign without alloy,  
These are the only realms of joy."

Come, my Melanthes, taking my hand;  
behold yonder my blessed intimates,  
saints and angels, who will receive you  
with shouts of joy into their company—  
Ah! my happy Eudocius, replied I with  
faltering accents, it is the divine pleasure  
that I resume my clayey tabernacle  
again; then we must acquiesce, said he,  
infinite wisdom cannot err; adieu, till  
the bright period when we shall meet to  
part no more. With serenity of aspect  
inexpressible he then left me, and trip-  
ping over the verdant plains joined his  
companions, and I saw him no more:—  
Melanthes, said the divine Gabriel, let  
this glorious scene be a constant subject  
of meditation, and it will be a never fail-  
ing spring of consolation through the  
thorny road of life—it will be a barrier  
against evil; sweeten the bitter days of  
probation; and gild the evening of life  
with rays of heavenly glory,—with incon-  
ceivable rapidity he then winged his  
way from star to star, and replacing my  
wandering spirit into its earthly machine,  
dissolved the rapturous Reverie.

"O when shall my glad soul, released  
From these uneasy chains of clay,  
To the bright regions of the blest  
Wing, with a lover's speed its way  
Where ravished with the blissful sight  
Of my redeemer, I adore;  
And in the pure abodes of light,  
May live and love and sin no more."

ADVICE TO YOUNG LADIES.

A young lady, at eighteen, often needs  
a warning voice to point out the quick  
sands over which she is speeding her  
thoughtless career. If you are beauti-  
ful and have many admirers, I am sorry  
for it. A young woman, whose conduct  
is marked with strict honor and princi-  
ples, cannot have many admirers. There  
is nothing that more certainly marks a  
bad heart and depraved moral principles  
or worse, a thorough destitution of it,  
than this *crave and guilty* encouragement  
of honorable love.

A young man is never long attached  
to a young lady with whom he being aware  
of it; commonly indeed before he is  
himself aware of the nature and extent  
of his feelings. The knowledge is al-  
most intuitive. From that moment, if  
she be persuaded she cannot reciprocate  
his sentiments, her course is plain before  
her—it is cool understanding, unhesitat-  
ing repulse—on every occasion, place  
and manner. Love will die without  
hope. To crush love in the bud is easy;  
but to trifle and tamper with it till it  
has taken root in the heart, and its de-  
struction is attended with the extinction  
of the heart's noblest feelings.

Never forget this prime maxim in these  
matters, *not to discourage is to en-  
courage*. A mean and culpable species  
of coquetry, is the practice of not giving  
a decided encouragement or repulse,  
with a view of keeping your slave till  
you have learned whether you can do  
better. I know not an expression that  
betrays more despicable meanness; and  
she who uses it, shows a willingness to  
sell her hand, to traffic her person for  
value received, that is revolting in the  
highest degree.

No one, not even a parent, can tell  
what character will render a lady happy,  
but herself. On herself alone then, must  
and ought to rest the responsibility of her  
choice. I have seen so many marriages  
commenced with all the glitter of wealth  
and pomp, terminated in misery and broken  
hearts; and so many that were be-  
gun with no very promising auspices,  
which have proved as happy as human  
life admits, that I am convinced that the  
parent who officially interposes, stands  
answerable to God, his child, and his  
conscience, in a degree of responsibil-  
ity most fearful and tremendous.

Ladies too often expect to gain hus-  
bands as anglers catch fish—by drawing  
the bait as he approaches it, till he is im-  
pelled to grasp at every hazard; but she  
who angles for a husband may find too  
late, that she has gained the man at the  
expense of the husband's confidence in  
her principles and heart.—*Philadelphia*  
*Album.*

A SKETCH OF COMFORT.

On the 1st of April, 1796, a daughter  
was born unto Mary, the wife of Wil-  
liam Stephenson, Elyplace, Holborn,  
which daughter, from that blessed hour  
to the present, has got the gift of  
tongues in the most exuberant manner  
you can conceive. Sientor was a fool to  
her: he, it is true, was noisy; she is  
absolutely deafening: his loquacious  
thunder knew at times repose; her's is  
the perpetual motion which even the  
grave would have hard work to stop—  
The very first thing she did when born  
was to experimentalize on her lungs,  
and I think I may safely add, that the  
experiment will stick by her to the last.

As she grew up this amiable weakness  
grew with her; at six years old she  
would talk at you by the hour together,  
no matter to whom or to what, whether  
to a man, a woman, a pug dog, or a bed  
candlestick. She once talked her grand-  
mother into fits, and when an apotheca-  
ry was sent for, she chatted him into  
such confusion that the worthy man  
forgot to take his fee.

Her father thought a school might  
possibly cure this distressing malady, so  
despatched her, one Midsummer, out-  
side the Rumford Stage, to Mrs. Thomp-  
son's Seminary. Mark the upshot: on  
the road, she got into conversation with  
the coachman, who, in attempting to  
check her prattle, dropped his reins, the  
vehicle, and jerked an Alderman, in  
white cotton stockings, head foremost  
through the ceiling of a pig sty. As  
for the coachman, luckily he only broke  
his neck. After a year's schooling, our  
prattling Miss returned home a more  
desperate prattler than ever. Nothing  
came amiss to her. Did a Politician, a  
Poet, a Patriot, a Parson, a Physician,  
a Polemic, did any or all of these hap-  
pen by ill luck to dine with her father?  
no matter, his daughter would still set  
to—talk, tittle, tattle, now on dress,  
now on balls, now on theatres, now on  
puppet shows, now on novels, now on  
—Heaven help me! the calander is re-  
ally too distressing, a complete Newgate  
calander in short, so I hasten to dismiss  
it.

In the year of our Lord 1814, this  
good lady took it into her head to marry;  
I suppose with a view of taking her  
spouse to death. The gentleman she  
selected for this experiment, was a good  
natured harmless little fellow, and one  
who adored taciturnity; judge, then,  
what a prize he must have gained!—  
For the first month, however, things  
went on tolerably smooth—a newly  
married husband will pardon much in a  
good looking wife—even her tongue—  
the only edge tool, I should add, which  
never wears out by constant use. For a  
full calendar month, therefore, no very  
desperate quarrel took place—nothing  
further than a perpetual buzz, on the  
part of the wife, and resignation on  
that of the husband. But since then  
both parties have become sadly changed.  
The wife's buzz has deepened into a  
thunder clap; the husband's resignation  
has become despair. And who can  
wonder at it? The dear lady's tongue  
night and day is perpetually at work;  
she even talks in her sleep through her  
nose, makes speeches to every chance  
visitor, and not only prattles her servants  
into rebellion, but even details their  
conduct to her husband, till the poor  
man grows black in the face with the  
exertion of listening. The loquacity of  
the whole female creation, past, present,  
and to come, seems centered in her sin-  
gle person. There has been not a "*lap-  
sus lingue*," but "*linguam*," and it has  
fallen upon her. She stands alone, like  
Pompey's pillar in the wilderness, an  
unadulterated loquacious anomaly. And  
who is this garrulous curiosity—this un-  
precedented egotist—this assiduous lin-  
guist—this monument of talkativeness—  
this human flood of verbiage—this  
Niagara of nonsense? Reader, she is  
my wife.

\*This is the only good that ever resulted  
from her loquacity

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.

In a country town in this State, a far-  
mer who has for years been in the hab-  
it of exchanging one article of trade for  
another, had a subscription paper pre-  
sented to him for a book about being  
published, the terms of which were  
"\$1.75 in sheep," or "\$1.50 in boards."  
Our agriculturalist, duly estimating the  
importance of correct information, very  
readily entered his name as a subscriber,  
with the remark that "*in boards*" was  
the cheapest, and he would trade that  
way. When the distributor presented  
his book, he was offered in return a  
number of *pine boards*, and told "this is  
the way I agreed to pay, and will pay  
in no other. I have no *sheep* to spare!"  
*Portland Argus.*

A LITTLE RASCAL.

A shopkeeper at Doncaster, had by  
his conduct, obtained the name of "the  
little rascal." Being asked why this  
appellation had been given him, he re-  
plied, "to distinguish me from the rest  
of my trade, who are all *great rascals*."

Dr. Kidder, of Charlestown, has raised  
in his garden at Medford, this season  
some prodigious gooseberries; one was  
four inches long, three round, and lack-  
ed nine grains of weighing half an  
ounce.

An Irish laborer who witnessed the  
experiment on our rail road, when the  
carriages were flying at the rate of thirty  
miles an hour, exclaimed "By the  
powers, but this is a *real way* for a man  
to get on in the world!"

VALUABLE LANDS  
FOR SALE, IN THE  
STATE OF MAINE.

TWO Townships of Land, situate in  
the County of Oxford, lettered B  
& C, containing 45,000 acres, advanta-  
geously lying on lake Umbagog, and ad-  
joining the State line with New-Hamp-  
shire. The Cumberland and Oxford  
Canal, commencing at Portland, opens a  
water communication within 35 miles of  
the Townships, and the shortest routes  
from Portland & Hallowell to Colebrook  
on the Connecticut River, pass through  
letter B. In this latter Township, which  
contains about 24000 acres, there are up-  
wards of 20 settlers, a Grist-mill & Saw-  
mill now in operation, a number of mill  
privileges, with abundance of valuable  
timber, and an extensive run of meadow  
land. The quality of the Land is very  
good, and these numerous advantages  
render this township a most eligible pur-  
chase. There is a considerable quantity  
of Pine Timber in both Townships,  
which can with facility be sent to mar-  
ket by water, and always command cash.

The road through letter B, from Coos,  
on the Connecticut River, has been a  
county road for some years, and very re-  
cently an alteration of considerable ex-  
tent has been made in letter B, which  
has much improved the Township and  
the communication. The roads from  
Portland and Hallowell, meet about 1  
and a half miles from the west line of  
B. The Lake and Meadow are very  
beneficial to the settlers, the former af-  
fording abundance of fish, and the mead-  
ow producing excellent hay. In the  
deed of letter B, from the Common-  
wealth of Massachusetts, there is a re-  
servation of 1280 acres, to be divided in-  
to four equal portions; viz: one for the  
first settled Minister, one for the support  
of the ministry, one for the support of  
Schools and one reserved for future ap-  
propriation.

The number of acres in letter C, con-  
veyed by the Commonwealth, is 21,000.  
No settlement has yet been commenced  
in this township. A new county road  
has been laid out through it, which,  
when completed, will open a communi-  
cation from the Lake to Paris, which is  
the shire town, and is on the road to  
Portland. The land is an average qual-  
ity with the other Townships in its vi-  
cinity, (with the exception of letter B),  
which is superior to the others.

The above land will be sold at Public  
Auction, at the Merchant's Hall, in  
Boston, on Thursday, the 26th day of  
August next, at 12 o'clock, M. by Mr.  
STEPHEN BROWN, Auctioneer.

If found more convenient, letter B  
may be sold in two separate parcels, one  
on the north and the other on the south  
side the dead Cambridge river, which  
divides the Township into parts nearly  
equal.

Persons requiring further information  
respecting them, and who are disposed to  
treat for a purchase at private sale, are  
referred to GEORGE HOUNSFIELD,  
Esq. No. 256, Pearl-st., New-York; to  
CHARLES VAUGHAN, Esq. Hallow-  
ell, and SOLOMON ADAMS, Esq.  
of Farmington; both in the County of  
Kennebec, State of Maine.

A clear and indisputable title will be  
given.

May 17, 1830. ts 48  
GENERAL DEPOSITE FOR PUB-  
LISHERS—Portland, Maine.

S. COLMAN,

AGENT for Publishers of Books  
& Periodical Journals, throughout  
the Union, has made a General Deposit  
at Portland, Maine, from which place,  
quarterly and monthly journals will be  
sent to all parts of the State, by mail or  
otherwise.

Orders for Books, also for English  
Magazines and Newspapers, supplied with  
punctuality.

Portland, March, 1830. 45tf

PRINTING TYPES, PRESSES, &c.

WM. HAGAR & CO.

OFFER for sale, at their Type and  
Stereotype Foundry, No. 20 Gold-  
street, New York, a complete assortment  
of Printing Types, from 14 lines Pica to  
Diamond, at the following prices, 6  
months credit, or 5 per cent. discount  
for cash. They cast their book founts  
from English to Diamond, on a metal  
which they will warrant superior to any  
other used in this country.

Six lines Pica and		Small Pica,	38
all larger,	\$0 30	Long Primer,	40
Double Pica,	32	Bourgeois,	46
Great Primer,	34	Brevier,	56
English,	35	Minion,	70
Pica,	36	Nonpareil,	90

And all others in proportion. Old metal  
received in exchange, at 9 cents per lb.  
W. H. & Co. are agents for the sale of  
the Washington Printing Press, invent-  
ed by Samuel Rust, which they offer for  
sale on accommodating terms.

Proprietors of papers who will pub-  
lish this advertisement three times, will  
be allowed two dollars, in settlement of  
their accounts, or in articles from the  
Foundry. June 24, 1830.

JOURNAL OF HEALTH.

PUBLISHED twice a month, \$1.  
25 per annum or sixteen numbers  
can be had for one dollar, remitted post  
paid to SAMUEL COLEMAN, Portland,  
Agent for Maine. July 22.

NEW BOOKS &c.

JUST received at the Oxford Book-  
store, Buttonworth's Concordance;  
Brown's Concordance, miniature edi-  
tion very neat; North American Re-  
view for July. American Quarterly Re-  
view; Carabasset, a tragedy written by  
N. Deering, Esq.; Scientific Tracts,  
a very valuable work for all such as wish  
to become acquainted with scientific  
subjects; the work is published semi-  
monthly at only one dollar and fifty cents  
per year. Laws of Maine for 1830;—  
a new supply of the Maine Justice, new  
edition greatly improved; Conversation  
Lexicon, a very valuable work and  
much the cheapest publication ever print-  
ed in the United States, each volume  
containing six hundred large octavo pa-  
ges well printed and on good paper;—  
Octavo and Quarto Bibles cheap; Pro-  
nouncing Bibles; Journal of Education  
and Monthly Lyceum, a work which is  
well worth the price asked for it.

Just received as above the "Univer-  
salist Expositor," edited by Rev. Hosea  
Ballou and Hosea Ballou 2d. This  
work is printed on good paper and in a  
style of the best periodicals, at only two  
dollars per year.

Navarino Bonnets cheaper than ever,  
made in the latest New York and Bos-  
ton fashions.

For sale as above a general assort-  
ment of English and Fancy Goods—  
Drugs and Medicines.

Drawn Numbers in the 16th Class  
Cumberland and Oxford Canal Lottery.  
17-14-43-37-9-20-38-22-52

10th Class,

20-2-3-41-28-38-53-17

11th Class,

58-7-30-10-55-4-46-43-17

Several handsome prizes were sold in  
the above Lotteries, and another Class  
draws on the 14th instant. Tickets on-  
ly 50 cents per Quarter. Persons will  
do well to secure a fortune. Tickets  
constantly for sale.

ASA BARTON.

July 12. 3 3w

PATCH WORK.

(OR REMNANTS CALICO BY THE POUND.)

NAVARINOS & LEIGHORNS

STAIN Brilliant, a splendid article for dress-  
es at 3s the yard; Plaid and Black Silks;  
Levantine and Elegant and fig'd Cameo Silks,  
new style; Bombazines, Parasols, Merino and  
Raw Silk SHAWLS; Black Lace Veils; 5-4  
blk Double ground Lace at 150 the yd; Bob-  
binett Laces at 12 1-2 cts the yd; Mourning  
Battiste at 20 cts the yd; Gloves, Jeans, Drills,  
Derrys, and lots thin Stuffs for Summer wear.

Also—Cloths; Cassimeres; Vestings; nice  
Ginghams; Bandannas; cheap Calicoes; Sheet-  
ings; Shirtings, and every description of DRY  
GOODS, necessary for the home trade, this  
week opening for sale by

HENRY POOR.

Portland, June 17th, 1830. 6w 52

New Bargains.

C. J. STONE,

CORNER OF COURT AND MIDDLE-STREETS,

PORTLAND,

HAS just received from the New-York  
Auctions a large assortment of SEASON-  
ABLE GOODS, purchased at great sacrifices,  
and will be sold lower than ever previously of-  
fered—among which are—

LADIE'S Blue, Brown, Olive & Mix'd  
Cloths from 8/3 to \$8; 20 ps Tartan,  
Scotch and Rob Roy Plaids from 20 cts  
to 2s; Red, White, Yellow and Green  
FLANNELS; 50 ps fine Circassians,  
assorted Colors 25 cts to 2/6 per yard;  
5 cases fancy Calicoes 8 to 12 1-2 cts;  
6 cases very rich dark fancy Prints 1s to  
28 cts; 1 case fine Philadelphia Plaids,  
12 1-2 cts; Rich dark English, French  
and German Ginghams; 50 doz. Cotton  
and Silk Flag Hdkfs 12 1-2 to 2/3; 2200  
yds Bobbinett and Mecklin Laces 2 cts  
to 1s; Blk Levantine, Gros de Naples  
and Italian Silks. Blk Nankin & Can-  
ton Crapes \$2.75 to \$6; Blk & White  
Lace Veils 2s to \$4; Superfine 4/4  
Checks at 1s; 20 bales Brown & Bleach-  
ed Shirtings and Sheetings 5 to 20 cts.  
Super Ticking 13 to 25 cts; black and  
other cols Bombazetts 15 cts to 1s; Sat-  
inetts; Cassimeres; blk & slate Worst-  
ed Hosiery; Silk do; Gentleman's and  
Ladie's Silk, Beaver, Horseskin & Kid  
Gloves; Hosiery and York tan Mitts;  
Mens Stout Buckskin Gloves; Ribbons;  
Laces; Braids; Cords; 1 case Pins;  
Linsens; Long Lawns; White, Blk and  
Red Merino Shawls; White, Blk and  
col'd Cambrics; Plain and fig'd Bock,  
Jacksonet, Cambric & Swiss Muslins—  
with many other articles too numerous  
to mention.

N. B. A liberal Credit will be given  
to country Dealers. Nov. 3. 19

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